



15c

NOV.
NO. 70

CHALLENGERS OF THE

LINKNOWN

I WARNED
THEM NOT TO
TRUST YOU! YOUR
FATHER KILLED
PROF, AND NOW
YOU'RE GONNA
FINISH US!



WERE THE **NEW** COSTUMES
OF THE **CHALLS** DESIGNED
BY FRIEND OR FOE--FOR
DEATH OR FOR **LIFE**?

IT IS SAID THAT SKULL MOUNTAIN IS A PLACE OF DARKNESS, OF A STRANGE EVIL SO ALIEN THAT IT HAS NO NAME IN ANY HUMAN LANGUAGE...

THE NATIVES WILL SAY LITTLE ABOUT THAT NIGHT, 80 YEARS AGO, WHEN AN EERIE, GLOWING SPHERE PITCHED FROM THE BROODING SKY AND BURIED ITSELF NEAR THE LOVECRAFT FAMILY FARM...



SOME CALLED IT A COMET! BUT IF IT WAS MERELY THAT, WHY DID THE LOVECRAFTS COME HOWLING INTO THE VILLAGE THE NEXT DAY, BENT ON MURDER?



WHY DID THE UNFORTUNATE TRIO END THEIR LIVES WHEN RESTRAINED IN THE LOCAL JAIL?



AND WHY DID THE FOLKS OF THE HILLS FORM A STRANGE NEW CULT, AND PRACTICE FANTASTIC RITES ON NIGHTS WHEN THE MOON HID AND THE STARS WERE DARK?



B-282

HUSH, NOW! CAST YOUR MIND'S EAR THROUGH ILLUSION, AND LISTEN TO THE SINISTER REALITY THAT ECHOES IN...

DO A SCREAM of YESTERDAYS!

STORY BY: DENNY O'NEIL

ART BY: JACK SPARLING

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ONLY MOMENTS AGO, THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN WATCHED ONE OF THEIR NUMBER, PROF. HALEY, FALL IN A HAIL OF BULLETS! THEY STAND, STUNNED, WHILE CORINNA STARK SPEAKS...



THE CRYOGENIC UNIT WILL KEEP YOUR FRIEND ALIVE...

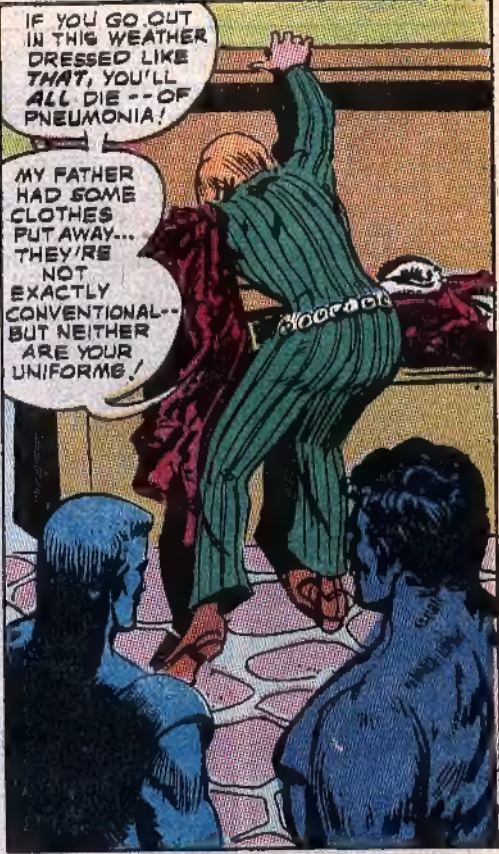
YEAH! BUT FOR HOW LONG? WE GOTTA GET A DOCTOR!

SO WHAT'RE WE STANDIN' HERE FOR?

OUR CAR IS PARKED LESS THAN HALF-A-MILE AWAY! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REACH THE CITY BEFORE DAWN--

IF YOU GO OUT IN THIS WEATHER DRESSED LIKE THAT, YOU'LL ALL DIE--OF PNEUMONIA!

MY FATHER HAD SOME CLOTHES PUT AWAY... THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY CONVENTIONAL-- BUT NEITHER ARE YOUR UNIFORMS!



FORGET IT, LADY! OUR PAL'S IN THAT GLORIFIED REFRIGERATOR, AN' YOU COME ON ABOUT FASHION!

YOU'RE KINDA PUSHY, AREN'T YOU? FIRST, YOU OFFER TO TAKE PROF'S PLACE-- AN' NOW YOU'RE CHANGIN' OUR CLOTHES!

PLAINLY SPEAKING, MISS STARK, THE CHALLS NEED A FEMME LIKE WE NEED MALARIA!

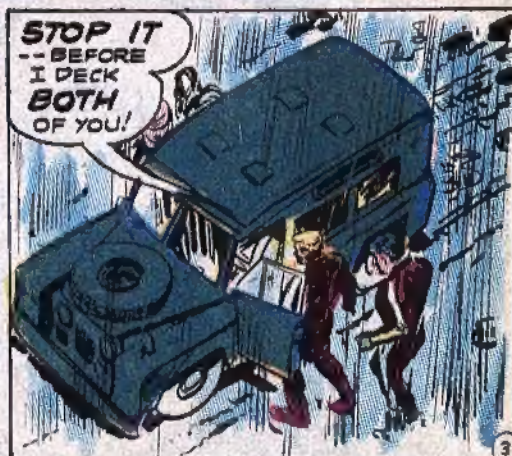


CAN IT, RED! SAVE THE ARGUING FOR AFTER PROF'S SAFE! LET'S PUT ON THESE DUDS AND GET MOVING!

OKAY, BOSS-MAN! SORRY... ONLY I KEEP REMEMBERIN' THAT HER OLD MAN GUNNED DOWN PROF! *MAKES IT TOUGH TO BE CHUMMY WITH HER!



*EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN NO. 68.



EYES STRAINING AGAINST THE BLACKNESS, ACE GUIDES THE VEHICLE AROUND THE TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN ROAD! ALL AROUND THE CHALLENGERS, THE NIGHT SPLITS AND SHUDDERS...



UNTIL....

ACE---! THE BRIDGE IS GONE! HIT THE BRAKES!



RAIN MUST'VE WASHED AWAY THE UNDER-PINNINGS!

ANY OTHER WAY DOWN, MISS STARK?

I'M AFRAID NOT!

THEN WE'RE STUCK ON THIS RUBBLE HEAP! WE GOT NOTHIN' TO DO EXCEPT SIT ON OUR HANDS WHILE PROF DIES!



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM...

SAVE IT, SISTER!

WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE MANSION!



MEANWHILE, CORINNA'S FATHER, ALGERNON STARK, IS RECOVERING FROM ROCKY'S PUNCH! HE RISES, HIS THOUGHTS AN INFERNO OF HATE-- AND, THROUGH THE WHISPER OF THE RAIN, HE HEARS...

AN AUTO! SO... THE CHALLENGERS AND MY SPITEFUL DAUGHTER RETURN--

-- BUT THEY RETURN TO THEIR DOOM!



*A LOT OF THINGS HAPPENED LAST ISSUE! IF YOU HAPPENED TO TUNE IN LATE, PLEASE BEAR WITH US!-- Editor

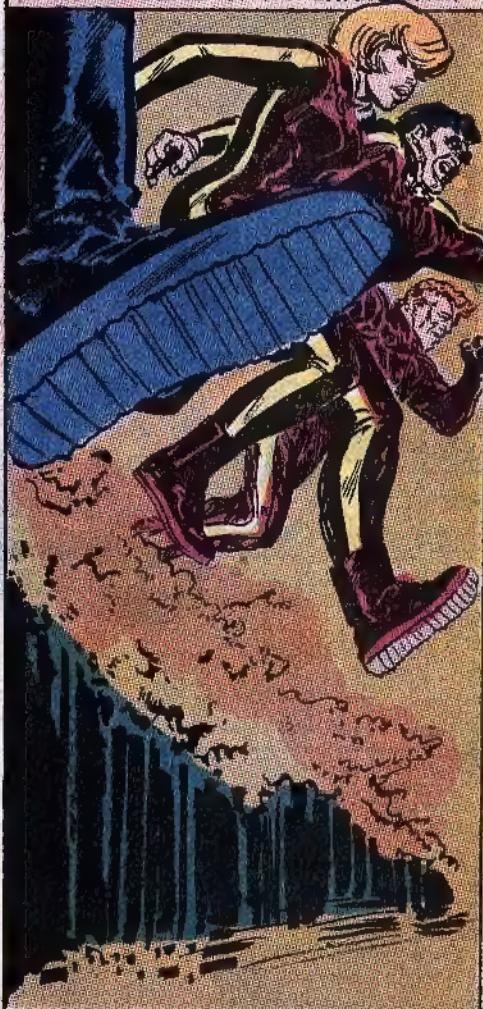
WITH A SPEED THAT BELIES HIS AGE, THE CRAZED MAN HURRIES TO THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE OLD HOUSE, AND...

YEARS AGO, I ANTICIPATED UNWELCOME VISITORS... AND PREPARED FOR THEM!

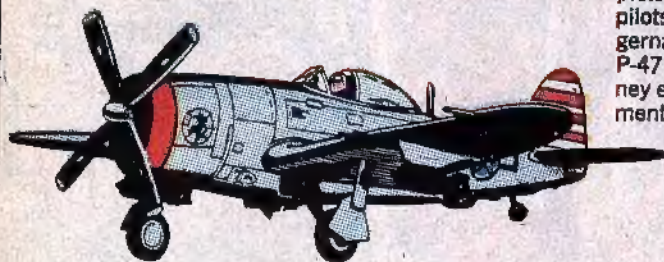
THEY DRAW NEAR... GOOD! JUST A BIT CLOSER--



A HUM OF POWER...AND, SUDDENLY, THE VERY GROUND GAPES OPEN AND A PIT STARTS TO SWALLOW THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN...



THE JUG



Build it yourself! The Republic P-47D was the first piston plane ever to exceed Mach 1. World War II pilots affectionately dubbed it "Thunderjug," "Juggernaut" and eventually just plain "Jug." Our new P-47 model has removable cowlings, Pratt & Whitney engine, sliding cockpit canopy, detailed instrument panel. Wheels and propeller are movable. Scale, 1/32; wingspan, 15-1/2 inches. Kit includes official USAF markings and a pilot in a flight suit. Sells for \$3, wherever toys or hobbies are sold.

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August Model-of-the-Month, P-47D Thunderbolt

IT HAPPENS IN A SECOND... A SINGLE CLOCK-TICK THAT SEEMS ETERNAL--ACE, WITH A HAMMER THROWER'S HEAVE, PROPELS CORINNA AND HIMSELF FROM THE YAWNING ABYSS...



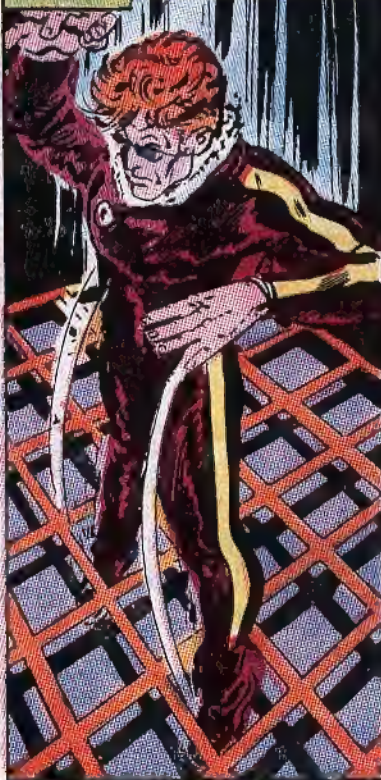
ROCKY REACTS BY STRETCHING TO HIS FULL HEIGHT AND DIGGING HIS FINGER-TIPS AND BOOT-TOES INTO THE MUDDY PERIMETER...WHILE RED'S SUPERBLY-TRAINED ACROBAT'S BODY COILS, PREPARING TO LAND EASILY...



THEN--HE SEES THAT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT IS GRIDDED WITH COPPER BANDS... AND REALIZES INSTINCTIVELY THAT THEY ARE CHARGED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY!



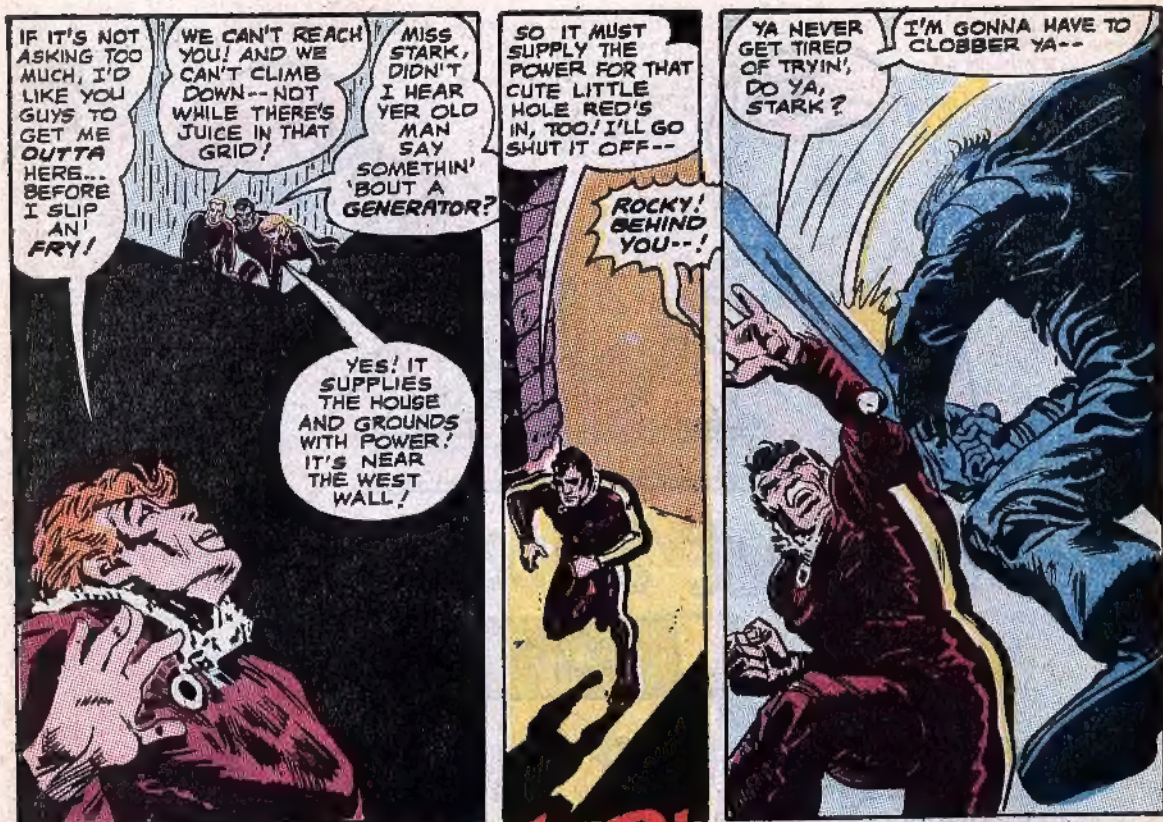
DESPERATELY, HE SNAPS HIS LEGS STRAIGHT... TO MISS DEATH BY A FRACTION OF AN INCH...



I SHALL NOT BE CHEATED OF MY REVENGE! THE CHALLENGERS-- AND CORINNA-- MUST DIE!



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AT THAT INSTANT, A FINGER OF FIRE JABS THE CRUMBLING MANSION...



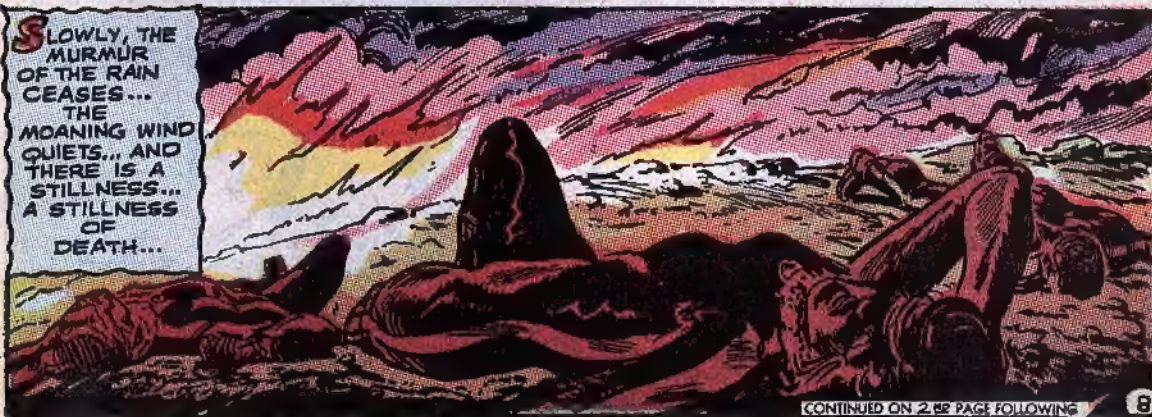
... THE GENERATOR SHATTERS...



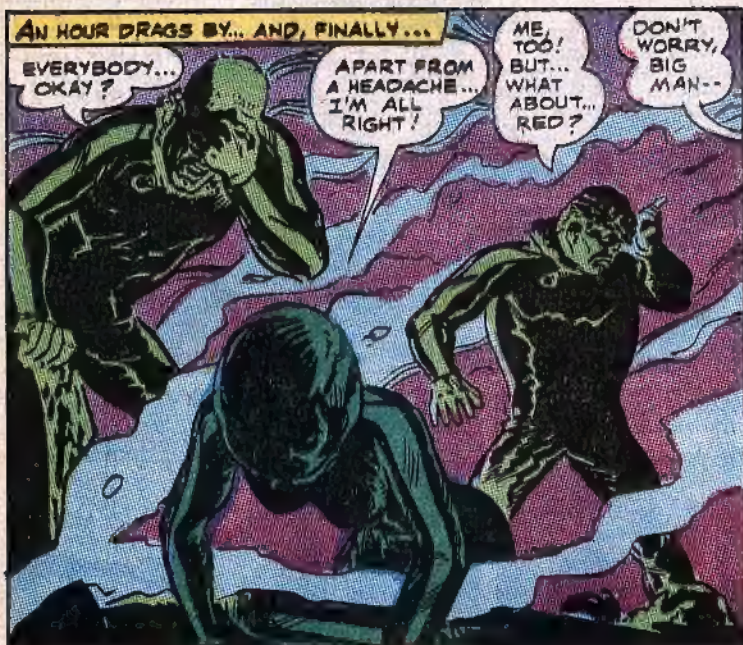
...AND, IN A MICRO-SECOND, HUGE PRESSURES BUILD, AND BURST THE ANCIENT STONES OUTWARD, SENDING A SHOCK-WAVE, WHICH SLAMS THE CHALLENGERS LIKE THE SLAP OF AN ANGRY GIANT...



SLOWLY, THE MURMUR OF THE RAIN CEASES... THE MOANING WIND QUIETS... AND THERE IS A STILLNESS OF DEATH...



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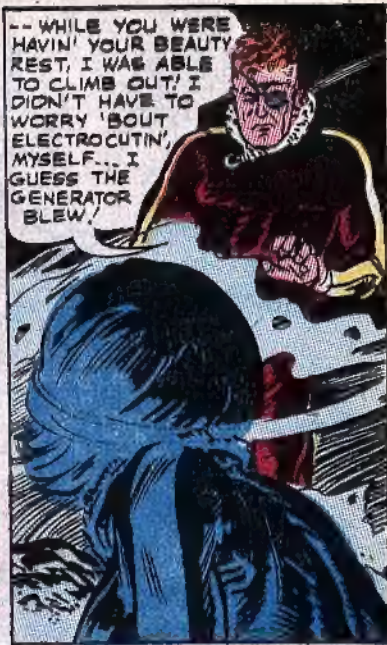
AN HOUR DRAGS BY... AND, FINALLY...

EVERYBODY...
OKAY?

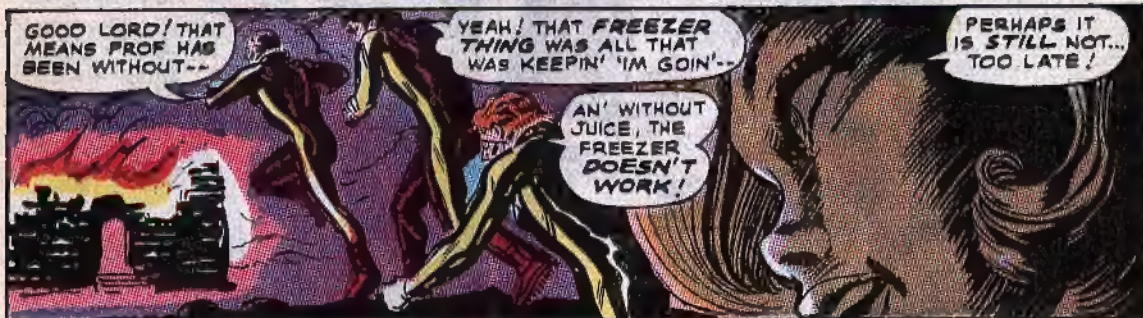
APART FROM
A HEADACHE...
I'M ALL
RIGHT!

ME,
TOO!
BUT...
WHAT
ABOUT...
RED?

DON'T
WORRY,
BIG
MAN--



-- WHILE YOU WERE
HAVIN' YOUR BEAUTY
REST, I WAS ABLE
TO CLIMB OUT! I
DIDN'T HAVE TO
WORRY 'BOUT
ELECTROCUTIN'
MYSELF... I
GUESS THE
GENERATOR
BLEW!



GOOD LORD! THAT
MEANS PROF HAS
BEEN WITHOUT--

YEAH! THAT FREEZER
THING WAS ALL THAT
WAS KEEPIN' 'IM GOIN'--

AN' WITHOUT
JUICE, THE
FREEZER
DOESN'T
WORK!

PERHAPS IT
IS STILL NOT...
TOO LATE!



BUT, WHEN THEY REACH THE DEBRIS OF WHAT
WAS ONCE THE LABORATORY...

HE'S
GONE!
PROF
IS
GONE--!

COME TO
THINK OF IT,
SO'S THAT
CRUD STARK!



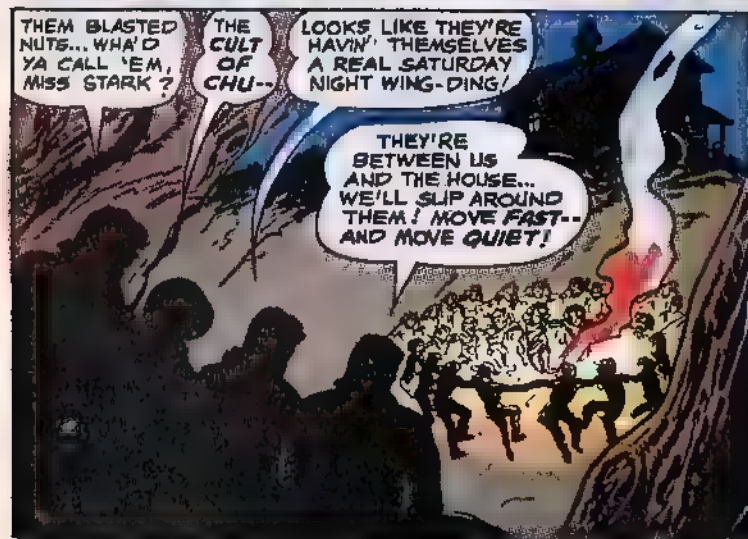
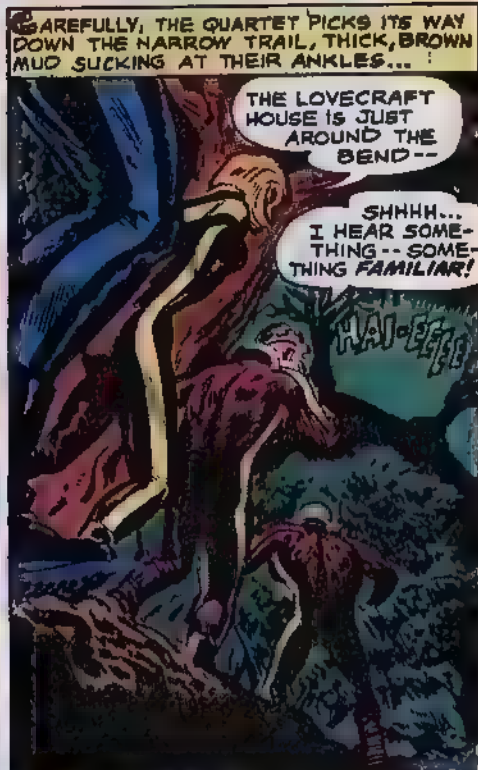
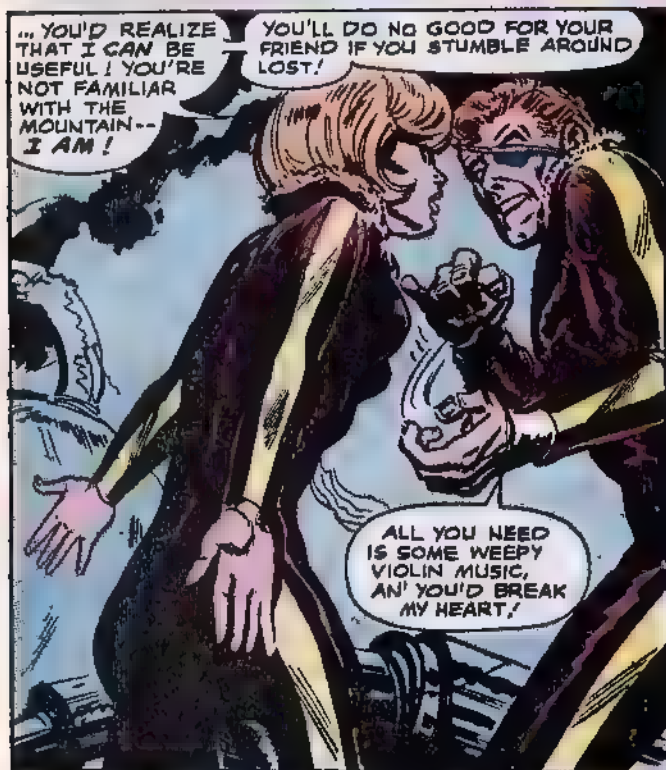
YOUR LOVIN'
DADDY'S MADE
OFF WITH PROF--
OR WHAT'S
LEFT OF PROF!
HE JUST CAN'T
GET ENOUGH
OF BEIN' ROTTEN,
CAN HE?

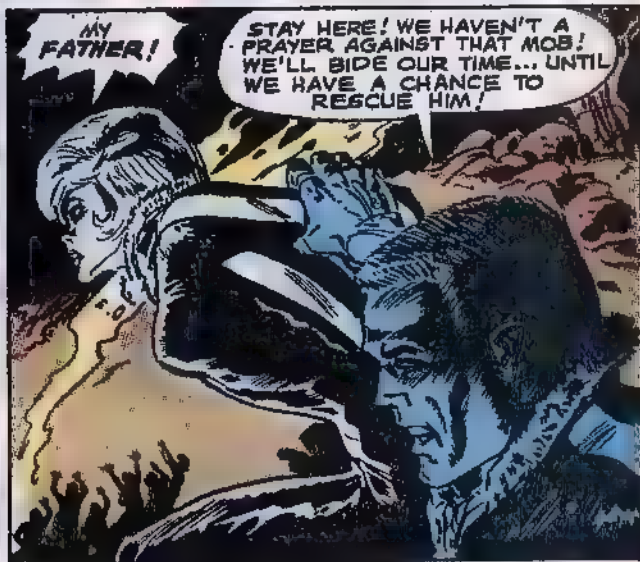
IT
AIN'T
HER
FAULT!

CORINNA...
WHERE
COULD YOUR
FATHER
HAVE
GONE?

THE
NEAREST
PLACE IS
AN OLD
FARMHOUSE...
THE LOVE-
CRAFT
PLACE!

IT'S DESERTED!
THE LOCAL PEOPLE
CLAIM... IT'S
HAUNTED!





THE HIDEOUS TENTACLES REACH OUT... TOUCH ALGERNON STARK... HE AGES 50 YEARS IN A HEART-BEAT... WITHERS... AND WITH A FINAL GASP... DIES!



DC **GIANT** **WORLD'S FINEST**
PRESENTS
BATMAN AND **SUPERMAN**
25c NOV NO 114

HOW CAN SUPERMAN DEFEAT THE NEGATIVE SUPERMAN?

WHICH NEWSPAPER HAS CLARK KENT AND BRUCE WAYNE AS REPORTERS?

WHY DO SUPERMAN AND ROBIN UNMASK BATMAN?

WHAT BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAS THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES AS SUITORS?

WHO IS THE TEEN-AGE HERO WHOSE ORIGIN IS TOLD IN A GUEST-STAR SPOT?

ON SALE AUG. 7th

PRESENTING
FOUR OF THE
GREATEST
SUPERMAN-BATMAN
MYSTERY
EPICS OF ALL TIME...
IN
ONE GIANT
ISSUE! PLUS A SPECIAL GUEST-STAR IN HIS OWN ORIGIN STORY!

LET'S CHAT WITH THE CHALLS

Address all mail to:
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
National Periodical Publications
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



Dear Editor:

What's the ever-writin' Gary Skinner got against nicknames? First, he sounds off in *Tomahawk* because some of the Rangers are identified by characteristic tags, and now he gets uptight with the *Challengers*! What's wrong with names like Rocky, Prof, Red and Ace? As far as I'm concerned, and I'm sure most of the fans will agree with me, you can take those phony handles Skinner suggests (Scott, Allen, Robert and William) and have them shipped to the Phantom Zone!

Ralph Murray, Cleveland, O.

So far as we're concerned, a rose by any other name is still a rose, as some sharp scripter once wrote. When the Challs' characters were conceived, the originators used all their imagination to give them characteristic, almost self-explanatory names. Frankly, we don't think readers will be aroused and react to Gary's whim. We like our champ Challs as they are now and for ever more.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Hey, what's happened to Tino? Where's Red's terrible-tempered li'l kid brother been hiding? Enclosed is my sketch of him without his eye patch. Fairly handsome guy, isn't he?

Vici Anderson, Sarasota, Fla.

Thanks for the pretty portrait. If you were thinking of reporting *Tempestuous Tino*, the groovy guitar-strummer, to the *Missing Persons' Bureau*, forget it! Our vest-pocket Bob Dylan hasn't split but will be back in the very next Challs' chronicle, "*When Evil Calls*," which that dynamic master of derring-do, Denny O'Neil, is tapping out on his typewriter right now! A whole shebang of shockers topped by Prof's personal peril and Red's ability to see at all turning into a critical condition. This promises to be the Challs classic of all time, you better believe it!—Ed.

Dear Editor:

What's happened to the *Challengers'* girl friends? Ace seems to be the only one interested in females; Rocky and Prof don't care; Red did have a romantic interest, but she died before he changed from See-keenakee. Can you do something about the girl shortage?

Darlene Dachsteiner, Port Richey, Fla.

Not only will we, but we did, Darlene! (This should also satisfy Bill Warriner of Salem, Ind., who request-

ed more lovey-dovey.) June Robbins, Ace's amour, is alive and doing well, as they say, and in all probability will be back at some future time, but in the preceding issue, Corinna Stark entered our boys' lives. How this heart-throb affects Red and Rocky specifically here and in time to come will bear careful watching.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Is there a fifth Challenger? If so, will you explain his background in a story?

Sean Cook, Eldorado, Kan.

Some time ago, we did run the yarn about Gaylord, a wealthy socialite who aspired to become a member of the team. By the oddest coincidence, the name of the epic was "*The Fifth Challenger*." Right now, with Corinna pinchhitting for Prof and Tino back on the scene, temporary as it may be, we have to keep count of our club members, or they might begin to look like a mob. A fifth Challenger? Who knows what providence will provide, what destiny will dictate in the days ahead?—Ed.

CHALLS' CHIT-CHAT: "Number 68 kept the masterpieces going. Prof's become more prominent of late, and the stories are veering towards those great early *Challenger* adventures with the focus on each of them playing an important role," writes Wally Stoelting of Wilder, Vt. (So you've noticed it, huh? We've given each man a particular purpose, rubbed their emotions until they were raw, made them behave like human beings instead of caricatures from a comic mag. Glad to note that our efforts weren't too subtle for you to miss!—Ed.)

"If a *Challengers* Giant is too much to ask, how about massing some of their masterpieces together to make a DC Special?" asks Randy Moore of Perryville, Mo. (Not a bad notion, Randy, but one that has to be bandied about with the bigwigs in the *Executive Suite*.—Ed.)... "I can't recall the exact scene, but in a previous story, reference was made to someone being zapped. The word often is used elsewhere. Can you explain?" Inquires Irma Davidson of St. Louis, Mo. (*Zap*, means to destroy effortlessly. Much as it may sound like it, the word doesn't spring from hip talk but was coined by computer technicians, who have a lingo of their own. *Zap* means power, with emphasis on the negative. It transliterates as "zero and add packed"—zapped, to you and to us!—Ed.)

A MOAN RIPS FROM CORINNA'S THROAT, AND NEXT MOMENT, THE HORRIFIED GIRL PLUNGES DOWNHILL...

FATHER! INTRUDERS! SEIZE THEM!

THAT DUMB DAME--!

HERE THEY COME.

BACK TO BACK, GUYS... HIT HARD, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT FIGHTING FAIR!

WHERE'S CORINNA!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER NOW!-- WORRY ABOUT US!

KEEP SWINGING! AND WHATEVER YOU DO, STAY TOGETHER!

MAYBE WE GOT A CHANCE AFTER ALL! THESE YOKELS ARE KINDA SOFT!

OH, YEAH? EVEN CREAMPUFFS CAN WIN A FRACAS, IF THERE'S ENOUGH OF 'EM!

THEY GOT THE GIRL--

LEGGO OF HER!

I SAID-- LEGGO, YA PACK OF FILTHY...

ROCK! YOU CAN'T HELP... UNNGH!

CHOPPO!

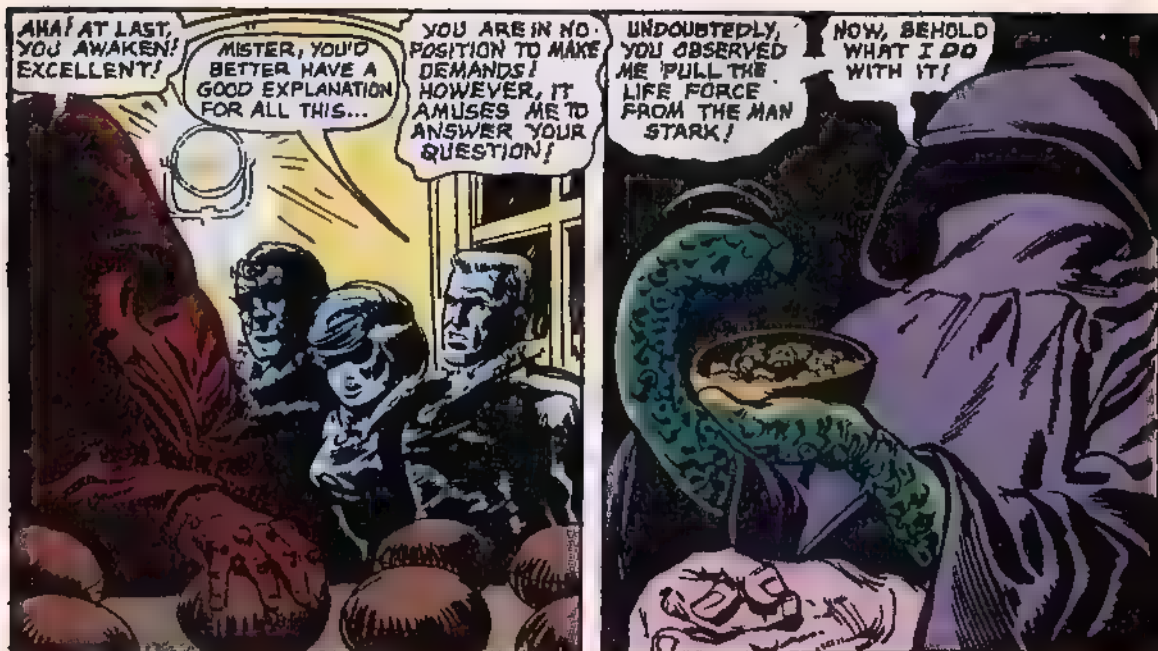


AS RED VANISHES INTO THE TREETOPS, ROCKY IS TREACHEROUSLY ATTACKED FROM BEHIND...

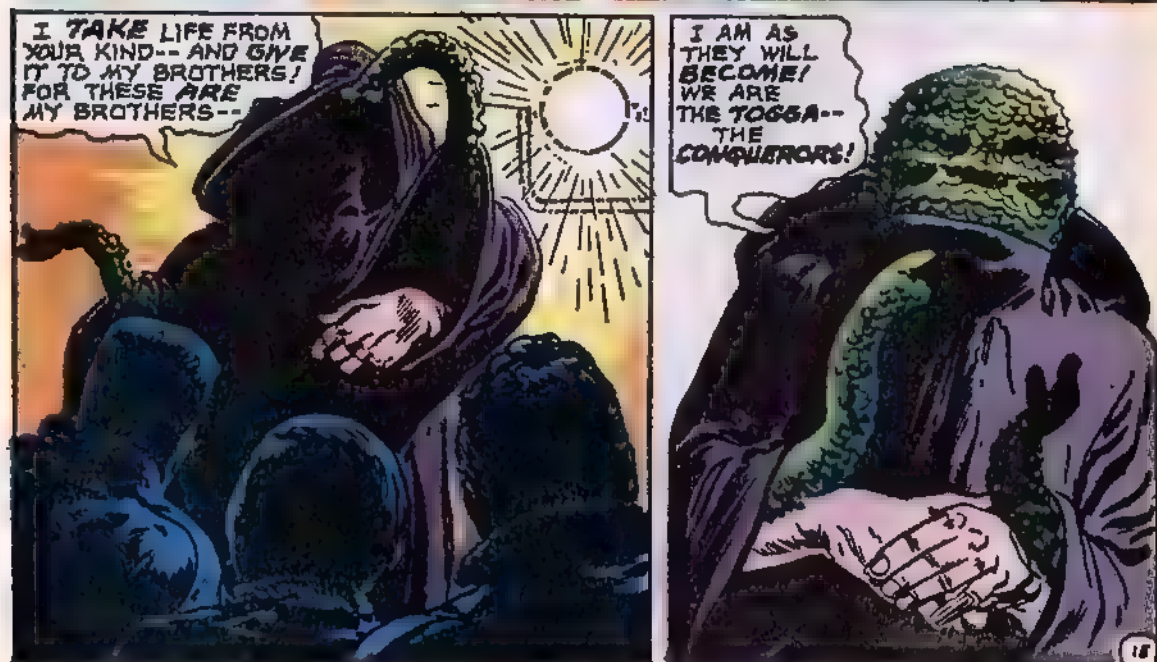
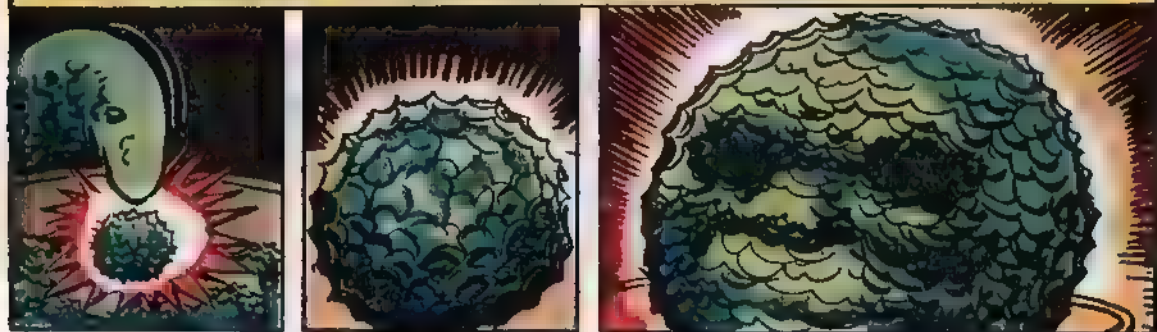


ONCE MORE, THE GALLANT CHALLENGERS ARE SLAMMED INTO THE INKY GULF OF THE UNCONSCIOUS... ROUGHLY, THE CULT OF CHU DRAGS THEIR SUPINE FORMS OVER THE STONY SOIL TOWARD A RAMSHACKLE FARMHOUSE...





AGAIN, THE TENTACLES OF CHU EXTEND... TOUCH ONE OF A ROW OF SMALL, SPORE-LIKE OBJECTS... AND THE SPORE GROWS... FEATURES FORM ON ITS BLANK SURFACE...



YOU ARE
PUZZLED?
HEAR MY
STORY...

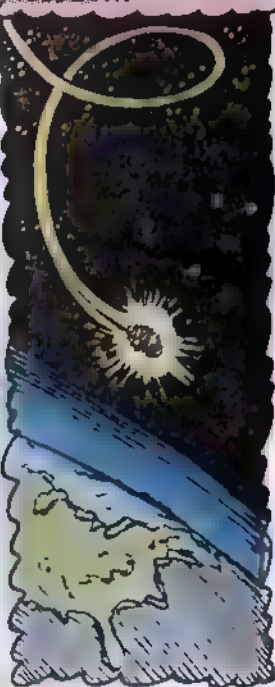
WE TOGGA ARE FROM A FAR-DISTANT PLANET! EONS AGO,
WE WERE FORCED TO LEAVE IT, FOR REASONS WHICH
NEED NOT CONCERN YOU--

"TO CONSERVE SPACE IN
OUR VESSEL, ALL BUT I
WERE REDUCED TO TINY,
VEGETABLE FORM, DRAINED
OF ALL SAVE A SPARK OF
LIFE! IT WAS MY TASK
TO SEEK OUT A WORLD
WHERE WE COULD
REPLENISH THE VITAL
FORCES..."

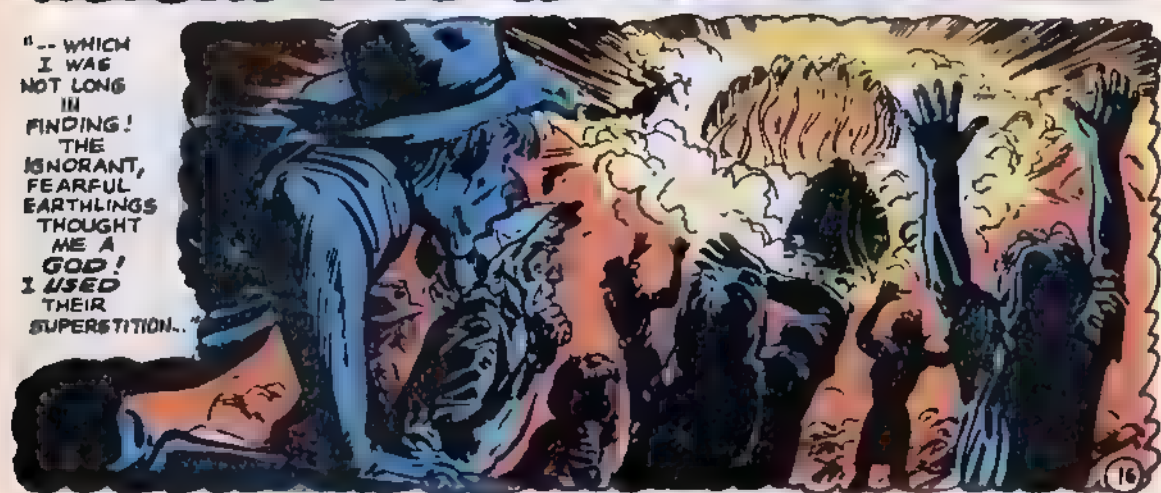
"I DECIDED ON TAV'S
ONE! HOWEVER, AS I
ENTERED THE ATMOSPHERE,
I LOST CONTROL OF THE
VESSEL..."

"--AND IT CRASHED
IN THIS PLACE!"

"THOUGH I WAS INJURED,
I WAS ABLE TO FREE
MYSELF FROM THE
WRECKAGE, AND UNDER-
TAKE MY QUEST FOR
NOURISHMENT..."



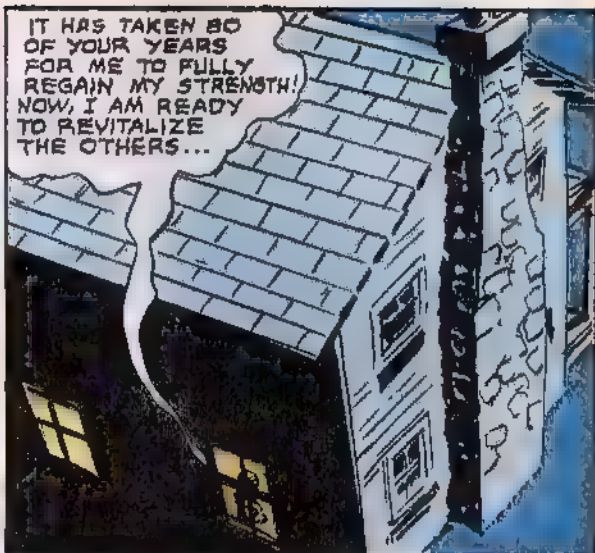
"-- WHICH
I WAS
NOT LONG
IN
FINDING!
THE
IGNORANT,
FEARFUL
EARTHLINGS
THOUGHT
ME A
GOD!
I USED
THEIR
SUPERSTITION..."



"I TOOK FROM THEM WHAT I NEEDED TO RECOVER FROM MY GRAVE INJURIES! WE TOGGA ARE LONG-LIVED AND PATIENT CREATURES..."



IT HAS TAKEN 80 OF YOUR YEARS FOR ME TO FULLY REGAIN MY STRENGTH! NOW, I AM READY TO REVITALIZE THE OTHERS...



JUST HOW MANY OF YOUR... BROTHERS... ARE THERE?



HOW MANY? **THOUSANDS!** MOST ARE NO LARGER THAN DUST PARTICLES! BUT SOON, THEY SHALL FIND THEIR FULL SIZE!

WITHIN WEEKS, THESE YOU SEE WILL BE LARGE AS I! THEY SHALL GO FORTH, TAKING LIFE AND CONVEYING IT TO THOSE WHO REST--



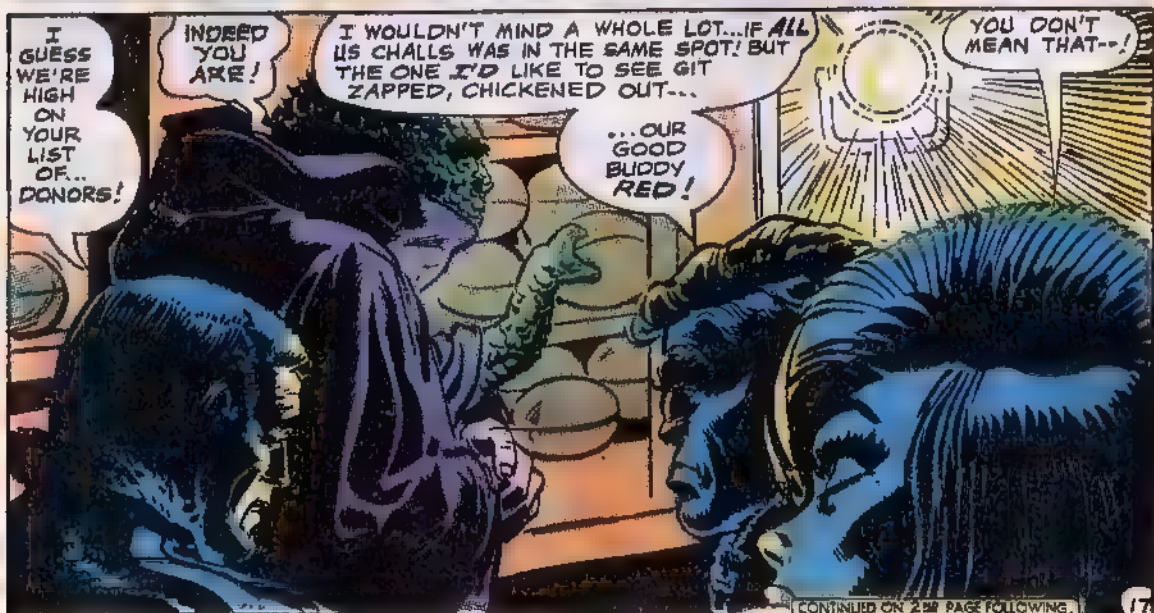
I GUESS WE'RE HIGH ON YOUR LIST OF... DONORS!

INDEED YOU ARE!

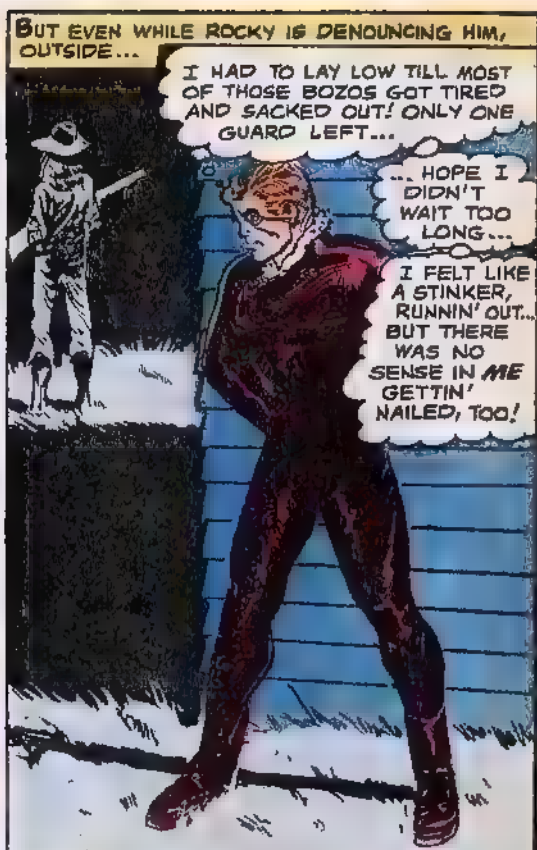
I WOULDN'T MIND A WHOLE LOT...IF ALL US CHALLS WAS IN THE SAME SPOT! BUT THE ONE I'D LIKE TO SEE GIT ZAPPED, CHICKENED OUT...

...OUR GOOD BUDDY RED!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT--!



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.





THAT OUGHTTA PUT 'IM IN
DREAMLAND FOR A LONG
WHILE... PLENTY OF TIME
FOR ME TO DO WHAT
I GOTTA...

...PROBLEM IS,
I'M NOT SURE
WHAT THAT IS!

THUD!



FOR OPENERS, I'LL HAVE
A PEEK INSIDE! ONLY ONE
WINDOW LIT UP, SO THAT'S
WHERE MY PAL'S GOTTA BE!

EVEN AS
RED
CREEPS
FORWARD,
THE
INSIDIOUS
CHU
APPROACHES
HIS
HELPLESS
CAPTIVES...

I PERCEIVE
MUCH LIFE
FORCE IN YOU--
MUCH EXCELLENT
LIFE FORCE!
THIS NIGHT,
I AND MY
BROTHERS
WILL GAIN
GREATLY!

I BEGIN MY
MY FEAST
WITH... THE
FEMALE--!

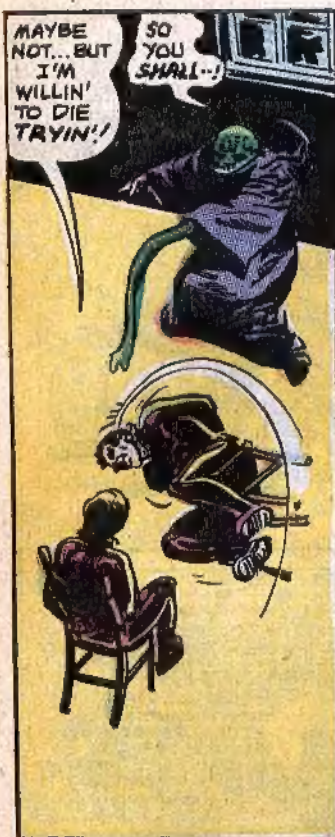
NO...NOT HER!
TAKE ME--!

YOUR
TURN
WILL
COME!
HAVE
PATIENCE!

YA SLIMY... I AIN'T
GONNA LET YA DO IT!

YOU HAVE NO MEANS
OF PREVENTING ME,
FOOL!

CONTINUED ON A BE PAGE FOLLOWING



MAYBE NOT... BUT I'M WILLIN' TO DIE TRYIN'!

SO YOU SHALL--!



YOURS IS THE FATE OF ANY FRAIL CREATURE OF FLESH WHO DARES CROSS THE TOGGA--!

WE ARE YOUR MASTERS!

MASTERS OF WHAT?-- BLABBER-MOUTHING?



RED!!

IN PERSON, AN' AT YOUR SERVICE!

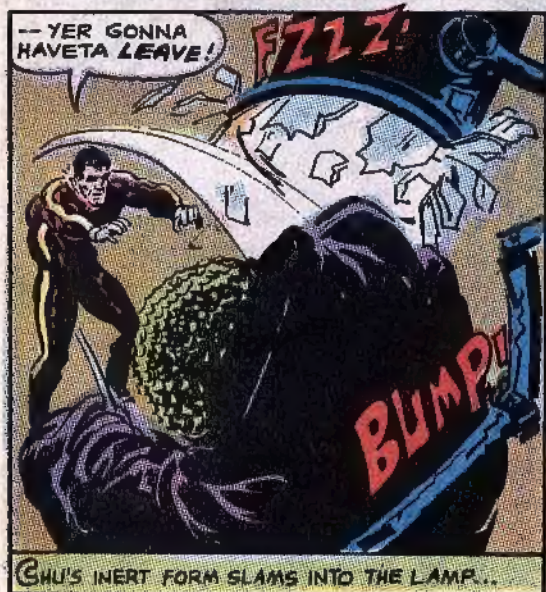


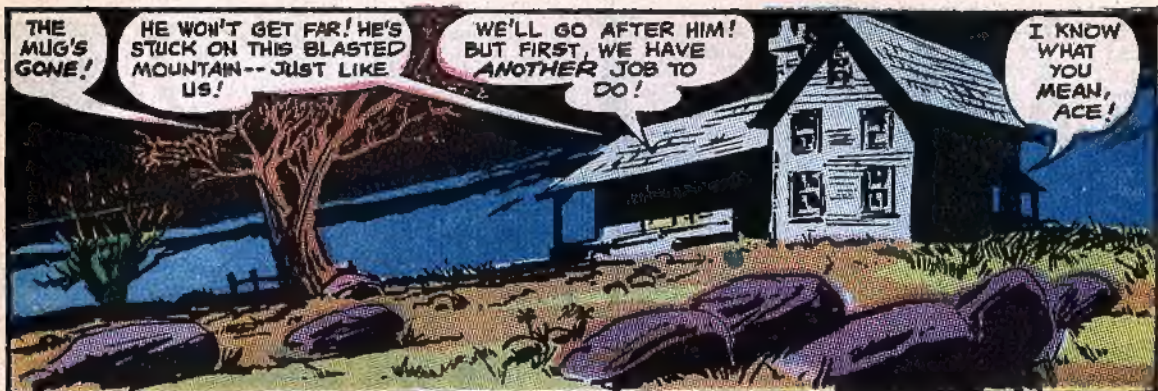
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT CRUMB IS -- ONLY HE HITS LIKE A COUPLA HEAVY-WEIGHTS!



THE PUNCHIN' STUFF IS MORE ROCKY'S LINE! THE BEST THING FOR AN ACROBAT TO DO IS STAY OUTTA THE WAY!

HANG IN THERE, KID! I'M COMIN'--!





THE
MUG'S
GONE!

HE WON'T GET FAR! HE'S
STUCK ON THIS BLASTED
MOUNTAIN-- JUST LIKE
US!

WE'LL GO AFTER HIM!
BUT FIRST, WE HAVE
ANOTHER JOB TO
DO!

I KNOW
WHAT
YOU
MEAN,
ACE!



THOSE...
THINGS...
ARE TOO
HORRIBLE--!

MAYBE THIS IS WRONG... BUT AS
LONG AS THE TOGGA LIVE,
THEY THREATEN THE
WHOLE OF THE
HUMAN RACE!

SO WHAT'RE
WE WAITIN'
FER!



THEN, THE
GRIM
QUARTET
SETS TO
SILENT
WORK...

BOP!

BANG!



...AND MINUTES LATER, THEY
HAVE FINISHED!

THAT'S
THAT!
WHY
YA
LOOKIN'
SO GLUM,
ACE? WE
DONE
GOOD
WORK!

HAVE
WE? I
DON'T
CALL
DESTRUCTION
GOOD--
EVER!
AND
PROF
IS STILL
MISSING!

PROF'S
MISSING...
BUT HIS
ICE BOX
AIN'T!
LOOK
HERE!

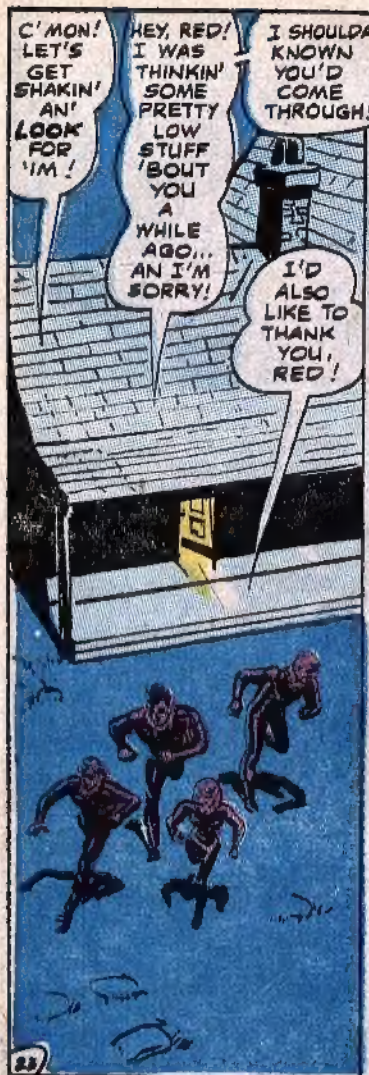


HIS
CRYOGENIC
UNIT!
EMPTY!
I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

ME
NEITHER!
IT DON'T
MAKE
SENSE!

PROF
MUST
BE
OUT-
SIDE
SOME-
PLACE!
HE
CAN'T
BE...
ALIVE!

I
DON'T
WANNA
BELIEVE
THAT!
AN'
YOU
DON'T,
EITHER!



NEW "MATCHBOX" MODELS OF THE MONTH.

Add these NEW "MODELS OF YESTERYEAR"
to your collection!

These two vintage beauties are loaded with authentic details, like the shiny side lanterns and Traffault shock absorbers on the 1907 Peugeot. The racy Stutz roadster features a side-mounted tool box, exposed gas tank, and "bucket" seats! Keep your collection up to date with these authentic golden oldies. They're a gas! You can be an expert on all the "Models of Yesteryear". Write for a free catalogue.

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